

# The Tremor

## Nightrage

Nothing hurts like the truth, a piece of perfidy, a deceitful behaviour,  
women's lures, deserted like an empty corpse, an uneasy conscience. Stigmatised in hell, he's puffed up with  
conceit,  
there will come a day of retribution, they're just lost dreams,  
cursed to crawl between hypocrites and vain promises,  
my heart bleeds.[CHORUS:]  
The tremor of leaves in the breeze. You can't weigh up, where does this road lead,  
at whose door should the blame lie?  
The lie lay heavy on his conscience.[CHORUS]

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